8

SONGS,

DUETS, TRIOS,

GLEES, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

JUST IN TIME:

Written by Mr. Hurlstone

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. WOODFALL,

FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1792.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE OPERA of JUST in TIME, was originally a *petit* Comedy of Two Acts, written at a very early age of the AUTHOR, for the *private* Performance of a party of Friends. In this ſtate, without the writer's knowledge, the Copy was put into the hands of Mr. COLMAN, ſen. who was pleaſed to obſerve, that it contained too much buſineſs, and was too long for an Afterpiece; yet upon the whole, it ſo far met his approbation, that if it was interſperſed with Songs, he would ſubmit it to the *Public* the following Seaſon. This was too flattering a circumſtance for the vanity of a juvenile Author to overlook.—Moſt of the following Songs, &c. were in conſequence written, but before they were completed, the unfortunate Indiſpoſition, which deprived the Town of the exertion of that Gentleman's managerial Talents, prevented the Author from receiving the advantage of his promiſe.

In this ſtate it remained, when the idea ſuggeſted to the Writer, that its performance might render his Friend, Mr. MUNDEN, ſome trifling aſſiſtance, and upon that ground his firſt *Dramatic Bantling* is ſubmitted to the Public, this Evening, in its preſent form: but even of this ſatisfaction, he was nearly diſappointed, by Mrs. BILLINGTON's numerous engagements preventing her from ſtudying a new Character, and ſhould have been ſo, had not Miſs DALL been applied to, whoſe Letter in anſwer ſtated, "That *although ſhe was a mere novice to* "*the Stage, and did not intend to make it her profeſſion,* "*yet if it was thought that her humble abilities could in the* "*leaſt ſupply the deficiency in the caſt, ſhe was extremely* "*ready, declining all emoluments, to render her aſſiſtance,* "*eſpecially as the Opera was intended for the benefit of ſo* "*reſpectable a Character, and deſerving favorite of the* "*Public, as* Mr. MUNDEN."

Having ſaid thus much, the Author hopes his firſt Dramatic Eſſay, will this evening meet the uſual candour and indulgence, which ſo eminently characteriſe a Britiſh Audience; and that they will generouſly make allowances for the unavoidable imperfections which muſt attend a Muſical Piece, brought forward in ſo ſhort a period, and during the Buſtle of a Benefit Seaſon. Should it, however, be ſo fortunate as to meet a favourable reception, and be again deemed worthy public attention, he humbly truſts it will be preſented in a very improved State.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Solomon Oddly,	Mr. QUICK.
Commodore Larboard,	Mr. WILSON.
Captain Melville,	Mr. INCLEDON.
Dr. Julep.	Mr. MARSHALL.
Stave,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Handy,	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Roger,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Le Friz,	Mr. C. POWELL.
Auguſta,	Miſs DALL.
Maria,	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Lady Oddly,	Mrs. WEBB.
Judith,	Mrs. MARTYR.

MEN and WOMEN, *Villagers*, &c.

TIME, nearly the Time of Repreſentation.

SCENE, A Village, and Sir Solomon Oddly's Houſe and Grounds ſituate in it.

SONGS, &c. &c.

IN

JUST IN TIME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CHORUS.

"HERE with Liberty bleſt, brighteſt gem of our iſle,
United with Plenty and Healrh;
At the reſtleſs Ambition of grandeur we ſmile,
Content without title or wealth.

When the dawn firſt appears, and the lark tunes her lay,
We riſe to ſweet ſcenes of delight;
Mirth pleaſantly ſoftens the toils of the day,
And with paſtime we welcome the night.--"

*** *The Airs, &c. marked with* INVERTED COMMAS, are omitted in repreſentation,

SCENE

SCENE II.

AIR II.—*Melville*, Mr. INCLEDON.

How poor are words! how vain is art,
Auguſta's charms to trace!
Her ſpeaking eye, her feeling heart,
Such ſymmetry and grace!

Her mind more pure than virgin ſnows,
That on the mountain reſt;
Nor is leſs pure the flame which glows
Within this faithful breaſt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

AIR III.—Stave, Mr. MUNDEN.

The merry man,
Who loves his can,
Laughs and jokes,
Chats and smokes,
Nor dreams of noise and State.

Enjoys the hour,
That's in his pow'r,
Tells a tale,
Quaffs his ale,
Nor fears the frowns of fate.—

AIR IV.—*Stave*, Mr. MUNDEN.

Examine the World, with attention you'll find,
'Tis Int'reſt that ſways every claſs of mankind;
From the high to the low,
Is is not ſo?
Say aye or no!

You doubt it, I'll give you a ſtriking example,
Then judge of the others by this ſingle ſample,
And the truth you'll ſoon know:
Shall I do ſo?
Say aye or no!

Sage Phyſic and Law, don't we every day ſee,
Will adviſe and preſcribe—but firſt pocket the fee---
With pleaſure I trow,
Is it not ſo?
Your aye or no!

So in humbler degrees too my maxim will hold,
Where the main-ſpring's ſelf int'reſt—the object is gold:
This we all of us know,
Is it not ſo?
Say aye or no!

AIR V.—Stave.

" WHEN all our village belles and beaux,
" Are gaily deck'd in Sunday clothes,
" And ſeated in their garniſh'd pews,
" (Places that great folks ſeldom uſe)
" O, gladly then,
" Serene and calm,
" I lead the pſalm,
" Can ſay *amen.*

" Or when the youthful nymphs and ſwains
" Are join'd in wedlocks laſting chains,
" The old made happy in the ſight,
" The young ones bluſh at coming night.
" Oh, gladly then,
" Serene and calm,
" I lead the pſalm,
" And ſay *amen!*

" When nine months o'er, the goſſips fair
" Bring up to church the ſmiling heir;
" While round the font they ſtand in pairs,
" And ſlyly wiſh the babe was their's;
" With archneſs then,
" I tag the pray'r,
" Devoid of care,
" And chaunt *amen!*

" Or when, with length of years oppreſt,
" The weary find a bed of reſt,
" Freed from the plagues of noiſe and ſtrife,
" And all the many ills of life,
" So likewiſe then
" I there appear,
" To drop a tear,
" And ſigh *amen!*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

AIR VI.—Maria, Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

THY freedom loſt, no more, ſweet bird,
In plaintive muſic rue;
For, ah! the wretch who thee betray'd,
Enſnar'd thy miſtreſs too!

Thus ambuſh'd in the wily brake,
The baneful ſerpent lies;
And while the nymph its beauty views,
She feels the ſting and dies.

AIR

AIR VII.—TRIO.—*Melville*, *Stave*, and *Handy*.

" *Melville*. SINCE my fond heart, *Auguſta*'s
" thine,
" O may thy virgin hand be mine;
" Love, grant me this requeſt!

" *Stave*. O Fortune, goddeſs, brown or fair,
" Let *Stave* be free from worldly care,
" He'll never mind the reſt.

" *Handy*. From danger ſafe, in any cot,
" Be quietneſs my happy lot,
" And I ſhall then be bleſt.

" *Together*. Let not, ye powers who preſide,
" LOVE, EASE, or FORTUNE, be
" deny'd,
" And we ſhall ALL be bleſt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

AIR VIII.—Sir Solomon Oddly, Mr. QUICK.

THE heroes ſtout, who dangers ſcorn,
May boaſt their arms and tented field;
Let noiſy Fame their brows adorn,
So I the plumed pen may wield:
Smooth inditing,
Flaſhy writing,
Give more pleaſure ſure than fighting.

In days of yore fam'd Troy and Greece,
For *Helen*'s charms contended long:
Yet all their feats had ſlept in peace,
But for old father *Homer*'s ſong:
Smooth inditing,
Flaſhy writing,
Give more pleaſure ſure than fighting.

SCENE VI.

AIR IX.—Auguſta, Miſs DALL.

BEHOLD, deny'd their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage;
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Thoſe notes are chang'd to ſtrains of rage!
And ſhould, perchance, in happy hour,
Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
And glady part—to meet no more.

Not ſo the bird whoſe choice is free,
In jocund ſpring he joins his mate;
Gaily they range from tree to tree,
Their little breaſts with joy elate.—
And if ſome ruder breeze ſhould blow;
Or chilling rain diſturb their reſt;
Fondly they ſhare each others woe,
As deſtin'd partners of one neſt.

SCENE VII.

AIR X.—TRIO.—*Lady Oddly, Sir Solomon, and Auguſta*; Mrs. WEBB, Mr. QUICK, and Miſs DALL.

"*Lady Oddly.* Lord, Sir Solomon, ſurely I
"hear
"The dear Doctor drive into the
"yard!
"*Sir Solomon.* Come, Auguſta, pray wipe off
"that tear;
"And our wiſhes no longer re-
"tard.—
"*Auguſta.* Can the roſe the rough ſeaſons
"defy,
"And at will all its beauties
"impart?
"Or can happineſs beam from
"the eye,
"While keen ſorrow impreſſes
the heart?

Lady

" *Lady Oddly.* Pray, have done with this
" folly, away,
" And your lover to welcome
" prepare:
" *Sir Solomon.* For to-morrow's the long-
" wish'd-for day,
" Which at last puts an end to
" our care.
" *Augusta.* To plead is vain, why then
" delay
" To be happy, and banish
" despair.
" *All.* For to-morrow's the long-wish'd-
" for day,
" Which at last puts an end to
" our care,
" *Augusta*——despair."

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

AIR XI.—Judith.---Mrs. MARTYR.

WHEN first you won my virgin heart,
The time I well remember;
'Twas in the frost on dreary heath,
The fifteenth of December.
The moon was hid, the snow had froze,
The wind blew hard and chilling;
You shiv'ring cried, "Ah! here she comes;"
'Zooks, wou'd the maid were willing."

Love smil'd, and as we sliding met,
Resolv'd to see us humbled,
Your arm encircled round my waist,
I slipp'd, and down we tumbled.

Whilst thus together we reclin'd,
On winter's hoary pillow;
You swore you glow'd with love so true,
I ne'er should wear the willow.

AIR XII.—*Stave*, Mr. MUNDEN.

" NO more would your *Stave*
" Full bumpers affail,
" Unleſs thy dear health
" Gave charms to the ale.
" With that on the brim,
" For mirth I am ripe,
" The toaſt and the ſong,
" And charge of my pipe.
" But toaſt, ſong, and pipe, I'dleave for a ſip,
" Of that ruby charm--thy ſoft pouting lip.

" Thus with old Stingo,
" Thy form mounts my head,
" Nor is it dethron'd
" Till reaſon ſeems fled;
" So o'er thy fond clerk,
" You ſtill hold the ſway;
" When mellow at night,
" Or ſober by day.
" For toaſt, ſong and pipe, I'd leave for a ſip,
" Of that ruby charm--thy dear pouting lip."

SCEN

SCENE IX.

AIR XIII.—Dr. Julep, Mr. MARSHALL.

WERE old Galen to riſe
From Elyſium below,
Of modern complaints
So little he'd know,
That amaz'd at the change,
And ſtruck dumb with ſurprize,
He'd ſoon hurry back,
Not believe his own eyes!

Let fools their old nonſenſe
Still ſolemnly broach;
While they trudge it on foot,
I'll loll in my coach;
They may pour o'er old books,
And inceſſantly toil;
Be their's the dull taſk,
Mine—*Faſhion and Hoyle.*

SCENE XIV.---DUET.—*Dr. Julep* and *Lady Oddly.*

" NATURE, tho' our ſenſes greeting
" Thro' the ſeaſon's circling train,
" Still her beauties are but fleeting,
" And her pow'r o'er Faſhion vain;
" Tis with pleaſing ART united,
" That her charms aſſume their ſway;
" Taſte herſelf is there delighted,
" Winter blooms like teeming May!

SCENE

SCENE X.

AIR XV.---Stave, Sir Solomon Oddly, and Commodore Larboard.

"TOAST our fleet amain! Boys, toaſt
"them all amain,
"Who fight for England's glory, we'll al-
"ways toaſt again;
"Fill to each brave tar now ſerving on the
"main,
"And here's to ev'ry *Heart of Oak* that's
"been in battle ſlain;
"Of Honour's brighteſt trophies, Boys, a
"Briton well may ſhare,
"For where his courage conquers, his pity's
"ſure to ſpare."

AIR XVI.---DUET.---*Sir Solomon Oddly* and *Commodore Larboard*, Mr. QUICK and Mr. WILSON.

Larboard. THE next time we meet---
Sir Sol. Stand off I entreat.
Larboard. Your houſe no protection may give.
Sir Sol. I fear not your threat.
Larboard. I'll puniſh you yet.
Sir Sol. In ſpite of your rage I ſhall live;
And ſhould you but dare---
Larboard. For law I don't care.
Sir Sol. With ſword e'er attempt to diſſect me.
Larboard. I certainly will.
Sir Sol. You'll ſoon have your fill.
John Doe, Richard Roe, ſhall protect me.
Larboard. John Doe, Richard Roe, ſhan't protect thee.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

AIR XVII.---Maria, Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

THE ſhipwreck'd tar, on billows toſs'd,
Laſh'd to ſome plank, and ſighing,
The land in view he hop'd to gain,
Himſelf o'erwhelm'd and dying,
Could ſcarce conceive the joy I feel,
Thus chang'd my hapleſs doom.
Should Fortune ſave him from deſpair,
And waft the wand'rer home.

AIR XVIII.—Commodore Larboard, Mr. WILSON.

HOW poor is the man, though he wealth ſhould poſſeſs,
Who the impulſe of pity ne'er knew;
But unfeeling could hear the ſad tale of diſtreſs,
And with-hold from misfortune its due;
The elements rigor much ſooner I'd brave,
Which my veſſel on foul ground ſhould ſtrand,
Or in Biſcay's rough bay meet a watery grave,
Than I'd take ſuch a wretch by the hand.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

AIR XIX.—SESTETTO.---*Stave, Melville, Auguſta, and Villagers.*

Stave. COME, come, huſtle away,
The ſun is juſt ſetting.
Firſt Woman. Now don't teize us, we pray.
Second Woman. You always are fretting.
Stave. If you frown, my dear girls.
Firſt Woman. Well, what if we do?
Stave. You'll never get married.
Second Woman. That's nothing to you.
Melville. See on her hand ſhe leans her cheek,
Perhaps ſhe thinks on me.
Auguſta. Ah, Melville, were thou now but there,
How ſhould I gaze on thee!
Stave. Come, finiſh directly, pray try for't.
Her ladyſhip's coming.
Men. Ceaſe, ceaſe, then your humming.
Stave. And the fine bridegroom, good lack.
Women. I'll have the firſt peep if I die for't.
Stave. Zookers, you huſſevs, ſtand back.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

AIR XX.---*Melville*, Mr. INCLEDON.

THE mind oppreſs'd---by ſleep may hope
To ſoothe corroding grief;
What hope, alas! if wayward love
Denies its kind relief?

Riſe, then, my Fair, thy ſlumbers ceaſe,
And bleſs thy faithful ſwain,
Whoſe boſom only beats for thee,
Thy abſence all his pain.

The mimic death, oh, quick forſake,
Awake, my Love---my Love, awake.

AIR XXI.---TRIO.---*Melville*, *Auguſta*, and *Dr. Julep*, Mr. INCLEDON, Miſs DALL, and Mr. MARSHALL.

Melville and Auguſta. Till then adieu, adieu, my Love;
May no untoward fate decree
To blight our hopes in early bud,
And tear my charmer far from me.
All. Believe me to my purpoſe true,
Till next we meet---adieu, adieu!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. SCENE XIV.

AIR XXII.---*Doctor Julep*, Mr. MARSHALL.

" LOVE's fev'riſh fit
" Shall intermit,
" If aught my art avail:
" By ſearching pill,
" I'll try my ſkill;---
" Should that preſcription fail,
" Next a bolus of bitters theſe lovers muſt
" ſwallow,
" And a ſharp biting bliſter ſhall inſtantly
" follow.---

SCENE

SCENE XV.

AIR XXIII.—Melville.

" E'EN now my heart with tranſport feels,
" By trembling ſteps and ſlow,
" *Auguſta* this way kindly ſteals,
" To make her *Melville* know
" Thoſe joys, which youth
" From beauty finds,
" When love has join'd,
" Two conſtant minds."

SCENE XVI.

AIR XXIV.—Melville, Mr. INCLEDON.

FELL War, the ſpear and tented field,
No longer now my boſom burn,
To love triumphant I muſt yield,
And rage to ſofter paſſions turn.

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

AIR XXV.---Miſs DALL.

YE ſable clouds---O veil thoſe beams,
Which tempt my willing heart,
To trace the moſs-grown path along,
And prompt me to depart.
Aſſiſt me prudence, cautious maid,
To ſway my doubting breaſt,
Bring ſober reaſon to thy aid,
And bid this rebel reſt.
Yet, O my *Melville*, ſtill to you
This boſom beats with paſſion true.

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

AIR XXVI.—DUET.—*Melville* and *Auguſta*, Mr. INCLEDON and Miſs DALL.

Melville. BELIEVE, charming maid,
A fond youth who adores you,
The ſure way to be happy
Lies pleaſant before you;
The paths deck'd with flowrets,
By Hymen implanted,
From ſeeds of true love,
And by Cupid 'tis haunted.

Auguſta. Rely, deareſt youth,
You know I regard you;
Should my friends be unheedful,
And vainly diſcard you,
I'll fly with you cheerly,
Like hind o'er the mountain,
The birds ſwifteſt flight,
Or quick ſtreamlet the fountain.

Melville. Then ſay, ſhall we ſoon be united for ever.

Auguſta. We will, nor ſhall fate my affections e'er ſever.

SCENE

SCENE XIX.

AIR XXVII.—Dr. Julep.

" HOWE'ER in error's mazy wild,
" The mind may chance to ſtray,
" An innate ſomething ſoon directs,
" And points the ſafer way;
" If thus miſled by ſordid wealth,
" Or ſway of paſſions ſtrong,
" Our only hope's to meaſure back
" Thoſe ſteps we find were wrong."

SCENE XX.

AIR XXVIII.---Handy, Mr. BLANCHARD.

O *Handy* thou art fairly caught,
Dame Fortune ſurely hates thee,
Thy pigs are to their market brought,
A dreadful fate awaits thee.
What ſhall I do?---how hard my caſe,
My fears with terrordin me;
To follow thus love's wild-gooſe chaſe,
The devil ſure was in me.

SCENE

AIR XXIX.—Maria.

" THUS like the ſummer's paſſing ſtorm,
" That ſeems to threaten all;
" When thunders roll, and light'nings flaſh,
" And heavy torrents fall.

" But ſoon the vivid bow appears,
" To tell the ſun is nigh,
" Whoſe rays diſperſe the ſable clouds,
" And triumph o'er the ſky.

" Each ſtormy conflict wreck'd my breaſt,
" For hope I fought in vain;
" But ſoon your ſmiles the gloom diſpell'd,
" And joy beam'd forth again.--

SCENE

SCENE XXI.

AIR XXX.—DUET. *Handy* and *Judith*, Mr. BLANCHARD and Mrs. MARTYR.

Handy. TRY me, damsel, come, be kind.
Judith. I fear you'll prove a rover.
Handy. A truer lad you'll never find.
Judith. If so, you're now my lover.
Both. Then quick away,
We'll hence be gay,
Nor think of care or sorrow.
Judith. But laugh and dance,
Handy. And kiss and play,
Both. To-morrow and to-morrow.—

SCENE XXII.

AIR XXXI.—*Auguſta*, Miſs DALL.

FANCY paints the flattering ſcene,
And courage animates her mien;
On hope's ſmooth pinions ſee her riſe,
She leaves the earth to ſoar in ſkies;
'Tis love's deluſion fans her wings,
And while ſhe ſoars, ſhe chearful ſings.—

SCENE XXIII.

AIR XXXII.---TRIO---*Lady Oddly, Sir Solomon, and Larboard.*

" *Lady Oddly.* Sir Solomon! Where are you?

" *Sir Solomon.* ——— Here!"

" *Larboard.* What ſtrange noiſe without aſſails us?

'Tis a ſtriking veſſel hails us.

[*Enter Lady Oddly impatiently talking, &c.*

" *Sir Sol. and Larboard.* What the devil is the matter?

" *Lady Oddly.* You ſhall hear!

" *Sir Sol. and Larboard.*--A woman chatter?

" *Sir Solomon.* Prithee tell your tale, my dear.

" *Larboard.* 'Tis a ſecret, never fear!

" *Sir Solomon.* What is it!

" *Lady Oddly.* ——— I'll tell you!

" *Larboard.* ——— Ay! but when?

" *Lady Oddly.* Allow me to take breath and then!

" *Sir Solomon.* Stop her clack, and try to pump it!

" *Larboard.* Come unſlip your ſpeaking trumpet?

" *Lady Oddly.* Pretty Miſs, this night ſo
" dark,
" Slyly met her amorous ſpark,
" At the ſequel you'll be pleas'd.

" *Sir Sol. and Larboard.* Soon you'll give it
" to us, I hope.

" *Lady Oddly.* I the chaiſe and horſes ſeiz'd,
" Ere the huſſey could elope!"

SCENE XXV.

AIR XXXIII.—FINALE AND CHORUS.

NOW let the village bells ring round,
The pipes ſhrill notes and tabor ſound,
The merry dance and mirthful ſong,
The feſtive board and joyous throng,
Hither bring with frolic gay,
To join the lovers roundelay.

Dull care no more ſhall dare appear,
With lanquid ſtep and falling tear,
For laughing joy with ſprightly veſt,
Has chaced her far from every breaſt.
Now let the village bells ring round, &c.

" Then

" Then kindly to our author give
" Your gen'rous approbation,
" And freely here with pleaſure make,
" Your nightly aſſignation.
" Againſt the Critic's ſtern decree,
" Good nature's caveat enter;
" Oh chear him with your ſoft'ring ſmile,
" And ſave his firſt adventure."

Now let the village bells ring, &c.

THE END.

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